

THE JERSEY LILY

SHE SITS WITH HER BACK TO THE
SIDE

And Tells What She Knows of Her Early Life, Her Introduction in England, Her Fashionable Career, Her Life on the Stage, and Other Matters of Interest to the Public

New York, August 10.—A special to the Herald from Nottingham, England, gives a gossipy interview with Mrs. Langtry, who has been playing in that place in the role of "As You Like It." The correspondent found her at the George hotel, robed in a handsome dress, with long and luxuriant hair falling below her waist. She apologized for receiving him en dishabille, hoped he would not mind if she sat with her back to the fire.

to dry her hair, which had just been washed, and remarked with a bewitching smile:

"Now interview me, please. What do you want me to say?"

He suggested that anything she might be

“As to the Egyptian question I have nothing to say, for I eschew politics, and as for the house of commons I can’t for the life of me help comparing it to a theater. The performances are given every evening during the season with a matinee on Wednesdays, and the bill is changed as often as the managers can do so to the satisfaction of the public.”

gypt is having a good run just now, but Ireland' has not been taken permanently off the boards. The difference between the house of commons and a theater is that the former lacks the cheerfulness that is given by brilliant lights and beautiful dresses, and I may add that I much prefer the applause of the public in a theater to the peculiar noises one hears during a grand performance of the Theatre Royal, the first of the Mr. W. E. Boone, the great tragic actor of Her Majesty's Government company, is a dear friend of mine and I like him very much.

"Tell you something about myself? What do you want to know? Everything? That's rather cruel of you to ask me to be my own biographer, but I'll try. Let me see, you mean my public life, of course; my private affairs cannot possibly interest anybody? You think they would? How very odd! Now I would much prefer to confine our conversation to my public career, if you don't mind."

"You don't, do you?"

"About my friends? Why, that would be worse still; I hate talk about myself, but I think it would not be in good taste to gossip about the dear friends who have been so kind to me."

MRS. LANGTRY'S HISTORY.

"Very well then. How persistent you are! I will tell you how I come before the public if you wish. You know my father is a prominent man in the church. He is the dean of Jersey and the head of ecclesiastics in Jersey. I am the daughter of the first of the family."

"I am rather curious that all my ancestors—father, grandfather, great grandfather and I don't know how many more—have been deans. The Le Bretons seem to have a sort of prescriptive right to the deanery of my pedigree."

"My pedigree?" said the lady, as if it was a question in the society being assured it was not surprising that I should be well received.

"Yes, I was born and educated in Jersey, and it is not correct for you to say that I spent my boy and-butter days there. I never had any boy and-butter days. I was the third son of a poor sportsman, and my father shared their outdoor sports in a most boyish fashion. It would be more accurate to describe my girlhood as my 'Tom-boy days.' I think."

"I will reply to my question as to where the Le Bretons live, by saying that they are where they should be, with their brothers. Mrs. Langtry studied her beautiful eyes filling with

"Only two of them are living now. One died in Canada, far away from home and family. My brother Clement Le Breton, who is a barrister in good standing in London,

married Lord Ravelagh's daughter, and it was through Lord Ravelagh and the painter, Frank Miles, that I was first introduced in London society. This was after I had been married for some years to Mr. Langtry, who at the time of my marriage owned property

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

lover who I was. He went to his clubs and among his artist friends declaring that he had seen a beauty, and he described me to everybody he knew until one day one of his friends met me and was duly introduced. When Mr. Miles came and begged me to sit for my portrait, I consented, and when the portrait was finished he sold it for £100. Good friends of mine were invited everywhere and made a great deal of by many members of the royal family and the nobility. My husband was delighted at my social success—which he did not, however, care to share—and supplied me freely with the means of going about in English society. The pain-

rs complete the work of making me popular.' They raved about my 'classical head,' they called it, and declared that they discovered in the shape of my neck rare 'lines of beauty.'"

"Is it true, Mrs. Langtry," I asked, "that Mr. Milles, having introduced you to the duke and duchess of Westminster, Lord and Lady Osslyn, Lord and Lady Dudley, the duke

"It would be absurd," she replied, "for me to enter into explanations as to the precise code adopted by my friends to make me

welcome among the English nobility, and I don't think it would be in good taste to name the people to whom I was introduced and who received me. Do you? In this country I think it best to avoid the mention of great names as much as possible. You want to know how I came to adopt the stage, and I am telling you. After the painters, the pho-

telling you. And the pictures are photographs set to work and I became so proud that the people stood on chairs in the street to see me pass and the skopkeepers turned their goods after me. I really wish you had not made me talk so much about myself. Let us get to the theatrical career. Henry, do you know I made my very first public appearance on any stage last November? That was at the Town hall, Twickenham, and

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